

Akala - Mr Fire in the Booth Lyrics

I take 'em out
(All on my own)
Cos that's the way im made
Maybe in your culture suicide is being brave
The sage of the page makes graves plagued with dark ages
And ain't no choice to be buried I only do cremating
For little idiots thats not even rated
Not even hated not even a factor that needs to be calculated
And you can't explain it, much less contain it
Roll with us or get crushed, that i've already stated
In the plainest terms
But fools never learn
Still tryna be what they're not like wearing the blondest perm
Cos of loss of purpose, I have you lost on purpose
You can't escape the furnace, so best you praise my verses
Look around the cooning's a lot
I spit a sentence quick like a judge with a coon in the dock
But these clowns with their dead sound hate me
Still they don't count like a dead brown baby